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ESSIE

A ROMANCE IN RHYME

BY

LAURA DAYTON FESSENDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. VANDERPOEL

215
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ESSIE

PRESSWORK BY ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL

ESSIE

PRELUDE

“It’s a horrid bore,” quoth my lady, “but I
see nothing else to do.

They were very kind to Laurence,” and here
my lady drew

Her Point d’Alençon *mouchoir*, and wiped a tear
or so

From her ruddy cheek (a tribute to her boy,
dead long ago).

“Well, do as you like, my lady,” says my lord
from behind the *News*.

“Invitations I don’t interfere with, so, my lady,
do just as you choose.”



THE INVITATION

MY DEAR MISS BRUCE. — We are nearing your annual holiday ;

I presume it is rather stupid when your school-mates are away !

Do you think a trip to England your pleasure would enhance ?

If yes, make your preparations for leaving *la belle France*.

I have in my home no daughters to help make time pass away

(Only Sir Charles and myself, dear), so I fear 'twill be far from gay :

And McPherson (my son) is making, if I rightly understand,

An arrangement with a stag party to summer in Switzerland.

Another thing : we have decided not to open
our house in town,
So I fear the attractions I offer are not of a
kind to crown
A young girl's cup with pleasure. Still, dear,
if you'd like to come,



And see the old house that Laurence told you
of as "his home,"
And see the mother that loved him (and misses
him day by day),
You will find a kindly welcome,
From your friend,
MARY LANGLEY.

THE ACCEPTANCE

MY DEAR LADY LANGLEY. — I'm sitting in the
horriddest chatter and din

Of at least five nations of school-girls; so it's
rather hard to begin.

To tell you how glad I am to leave this *be belle*
France.

(If I'd been invited to Hades, last summer, I'd
jumped at the chance.)

I had to show my guardian your letter that
asked me to come.

He's an American fossil, that used to live near
us at home:

But, from being for years in Paris, he's grown
to adopt their way

Of guarding wards and daughters, which, really,
I must say,

To a girl of republican spirit, is just a regular
cross;

For (to use a coined word of my country) each
girl is about her own "boss."

In the land of the "Star-Spangled Banner," in
that dear land of the free,
So I just *detest* Mr. Jenkins, and his *Frenching*
it over me.
So when old Guardy Jenkins, in one eyeglass,
tried to look wise,
And began a long string of questions, I felt
my very hair rise,
And I said, "Look here, Mr. Jenkins, I'll just
have you to know.
If you *shrug* and talk till you're *black in the*
face, all the very same, *I shall go!*"
He gave in at once (per usual), he bade Madam
"to prepare
Mademoiselle for a journey to England — Ma-
demoiselle would summer there."
I am glad that you have no daughters, — girls
always end with a row
Over some soft thing or other, one can't tell
why, or how;
Then I'm glad your son's in the mountains, for
I'm only just sixteen,
And men have a fashion of thinking a girl of
that age rather "green;"
As for being out of a city, I've precious too
much of *that* here;

And your proper London acquaintances would
style me horrid and queer;
And then, my dear Lady Langley, it will be so
sweet to know
I am treading the very pathways that Laurence
trod long ago.
I was very fond of your Laurence; I liked his
odd, foreign way;
And used to sit beside his bed in preference
to play.
For you know, my Lady Langley, that Laurence
was poor and ill:
And even now, in looking back, my eyes begin
to fill.
From the first he seemed fond of Essie — Essie,
my lady, is *me*.
I don't know how it happened — I was wild as
I could be.
Mamma died when I was a baby, and so (though
papa was refined)
I grew up wilful and slangy, and never was
known to mind.
The doctor said 'twas consumption; that Laurence
would have to go
Away from us, up to heaven, before the winter's
snow.

Laurence was not sad at the summons: and once, when I was near

(I always was near him some way), he called to me, "Essie, dear!

Are your tasks for the day all finished?"

"Yes," I said, "and what then?"



"Come and sit down beside me, and bring your paper and pen.

I want you to write me a letter; and, Essie,

I want it to be

(Until I die), little Essie, a secret between you and me;

'Twill not be long, wee lassie (and I shall be glad to die)."

So I sobbed him out a promise, but he bade me "not to cry."

Well, I wrote the letter, my lady, how you read it, I can't think, I'm sure,

For I had no idea of spelling; punctuation I could not endure;

But I wrote his words, my lady, and I'm sorry now to state,

That I just absolutely abhorred you, with the hatingest kind of hate.

What if poor dear Laurence had been wilful and wild,

It seemed so very unnatural that a mother should see her child

Turned in shame from the roof-tree, with a father's curse on his head.

Your husband seemed a monster; but Laurence always said, —

"Essie, I richly deserved it, I was wilful and bad;

I know my wayward spirit has made my lady's life sad."

You know how he asked "forgiveness" — that "kind memories you would keep

Of your youngest boy — your Laurence — who
soon would be asleep."

So glad to rest in quiet, after life's short day,
But what's the use of recalling when I only
want to say,

That I'm glad you forgave him, — glad that
Laurence rests

With the turf of old England above him — the
land he loved the best.

And as to our kindness, my lady, we Ameri-
cans have a way

Of being a generous nation : of being apt to
say

To a stranger that asks our protection, a "yea,"
and not a "nay."

But enough of all this. I'll be with you ere
the close of the week ;

And, my lady, I really intend to be docile and
gentle and meek.

I hope your son's in the mountains, or, if not,
that we shall cry truce.

Believe me, my lady, I'm ever,

Your little friend,

ESSIE C. BRUCE.

ESSIE'S FIRST HOME LETTER

DEAR CHICKEN, — I've crossed the Channell,
and reached the old English shore
(Every time I get on the ocean I'm sicker than
ever before).

Old Guardy was true to the last; and stuck
to me like a burr,

And the lectures and cautions he gave, will not
in the least deter

Me from doing just as I like. Can a leopard
change his spots?

"No, he can't." Well, do you suppose *his* talk-
ing would change me lots?

I said, why shouldn't "they stare;" I'm *very*
pretty, grandpa,

You can't deny that; for they say, "I am like
poor mamma;"

And that *she* was a belle in her youth, and
you were her beau,

Till Dr. Bruce came and cut you out, so you
can't be surprised, you know;

But in my heart, dear Charley, I felt a little
bit queer,

A flutter of expectation, and a tiny bit of fear.
At the steamer's dock there met me, the steward,
a Mr. Ray.

He had come that morning from Leighcroft —
all the way;

And his manner was so respectful that I began
to see,

That if Guardy was provoking, he knew what
ought to be.

So I vowed I'd be calm as a duchess, and
that, all the way by train.

I would sit like a small stone image, and gaze
out on the pelting rain.

But my legs got awfully cramped. (I had
skipped my dull novel through).

And so I looked about me, as the next best
thing to do.

Mr. Ray was respectfully napping, screened by
the morning *Times* :

His snores were so funny and muffled, they
made me think of the chimes

On our village church at home. Chick, I don't
have need to tell

What I did, for you know I giggled — girls
always do, and — well,



Vanderbilt

"I vowed I'd be calm as a duchess"

I could not very well help it, my eyes *would*
take a look

At the others in our compartment, and there sat
a man with a book.

I thought at first he was reading, but now I
know that he,

With very much more interest, was calmly watch-
ing me.

“*Ce monde est plein de fous,*” I’ve heard our
madam say.

I wonder if that fellow, Chick, expected me
to pay

Him back the laughing glances, such as he seemed
inclined to bestow?

Chick, it *could* have been a flirtation (it was hard
to let it go).

(But I did.) I gave back one vacant stare, then
turned my head away,

And *kept it turned* (though my poor neck ached),
till I heard the porter say,

“All off for Leighcroft Manor!” I saw through
the door disappear

The heels of my would-be flirtation (I wonder
if he lives here).

My dear, the carriage that met me was just a
family ark.

And I really believe the servants expected a real,
live, stark,
Staring, wild American Indian, with feathers,
war-whoop, and all;
For, at sight of me their looks darkened, *I wasn't*
the thing at all ;
A miss in a Paris bonnet, en pannier, en high-
heeled shoes,
Instead of a sooty savage in war-paint or with
a papoose.
But servants are well trained in England, so
they opened the old ark door,
O Chick, such *snifty* cushions I never lounged
in before !
Ray did not get in : he simply closed the door
and stalked away,
And hastened to tell (I doubt not) the buxom
Mistress Ray
And a host of red-cheeked daughters "that the
importation had come ;"
To call me a little " pipe-stem," and " thank
heaven the girls at home
Had not putty faces and Chinese feet," and fifty
other compliments,
That I won't take time to repeat. On we dashed
through the twilight —



"Stood a gentle-looking lady."

The village faded away — and there dawned upon
my sight

The Manor; it stood upon a hillside, with ter-
raced lawns before,

And, like some grand old picture, before the
open door

Stood a gentle-looking lady, clad in soft robes
of gray:

One glance in her face, and fears, Chick, fled
on swift wings away.

By her side was a portly gentleman (he and
Guardy would make a pair),

Very fat and comfortable-looking, without any
stock of hair:

He hurried as fast as he could, and held out
one puffy hand,

While he said in a *winey* whisper, "Welcome,
dear, to England."

And then my lady caught me, and held me
against her breast:

I looked at her through a mist, Chick, and felt
more perfect rest

Than I have for two long years, since father's
last kiss lay

On my trembling, trembling lips, on the day I
sailed away.

It wasn't a bit like the stories (why will novelists lie?)

My lady was just a woman, and she let me have my cry

Out on her motherly bosom. Then she kissed me, and said, —

“There, there, you are tired, dearie; cease crying, you'll make your eyes red.”

Well, we had tea together, my lord, my lady, and I,

With no one but ourselves and a white-haired butler by.

Then we sat and talked of Laurence till the great clock struck nine.

When my lady said, “Are you ready for bed?”

Be sure, dear, I did not decline.

Dear Charley, I'm awfully sleepy, but my room is very *swell*:

I wish it was not, I tell you, for it's rather frightful to dwell

With four huge life-sized pictures of some long gone ladies gay;

I can fancy them stepping down from their frames when the lights are taken away.

The bed is plump and fat and high, but yet I haven't a doubt

Every one of those four up yonder had on it
their "laying out."

But heavens! I'm getting the shivers, and I'll
frighten myself to death,

So, Chicken, I'm yours forever,

Your sister,

ESSIE, saith.



McPHERSON TO HIS FRIEND

DEAR PHILIP, — The fates were against me. I
would not be able to say
What I said, and what I did not, when I knocked
into our man, Ray,
And learned 'twas his charming mission to bring
out *la petite squaw*
To summer at Leighcroft Manor. By thunder,
Phil, what a bore !
I am sure my lord will endure tortures far worse
than his gout :
I thank heaven for Switzerland's journey, so that
I am counted out.
But, as I said, luck was against me : for, I would
have you know,
I had telegraphed my valet to send on word
to Legrow
That I'd take the noon train for Leighcroft, and
arrange with him then and there
For that sorrel colt — you know her? sired by
"Young Golden Hair.

No time to lose, for Bronson was hard upon my track,

So I was booked and done for, and could not well turn back.

So I cornered Ray, and told him about my little fix,

Bade him not to heed me, nor let the little minx

Know I was son of my mother — no recognition to make :

But, by George ! we got seats in the very same car. I donned my wide-awake,

And when the train got in motion, I took my novel out :

And, Phil, by all the powers ! what do you think 'twas about ?

I had bought the thing in London, at least I went to the stand

Near the depot, and took the book that lay nearest to my hand —

A little American story ; the subject was very *rum* —

“Helen's Babies” I think the title — I tell you, I *laughed some*

Over the random purchase : but as 'twas all I had to read,

I found, in the little urchins, friends in a time
of need.

I wanted to get a look at my lady mother's guest :
But she sat with her face to the window, till

I thought I should not be blest,

When Ray dropped into a slumber, and sang
such a tuneful lay,

That the girl's face, from the window, turned
itself my way.

I don't think it's fair in a fellow to judge of
looks on a train,

Besides, *la petite Sauvage* had been out in a
pouring rain.

So all I can tell you is, that her eyes are large
and gray.

That her hair is brown, and was tumbled down
in a pretty sort of way :

But upon this atom of girlhood I did not waste
much time,

I was thinking of you, old fellow, and that soon
we'd begin to climb

In earnest the grand Swiss mountains ; but, Phil,
I pause to say,

Can't you get off from town, if only for a day?

I want you to see my purchase ; I came here
incognito ;

But my lady has found me out, and so from
the inn I go
To my old quarters at home. So come up, and
bring some of the boys,
Sir Guinn if you like, or Tom, or our jolly
friend Joe LeRoys,
And we'll talk our plans all over, and I will
venture to say
There will be nothing stupid during your little
stay.
Good-night, good-night, old fellow, now, is it
not deuced queer,
That, after all my planning, I find myself just
here?

LEIGHCROFT MANOR.

I am more than sorry, my dear old Phil,
To hear by post that you were ill ;
To know that you cannot, my dear old boy,
Take part with me in the wonderful joy
That Thursday evening holds in store. And I
regret the forced delay
That still keeps back the wished-for day
Of our Switzerland journey. So haste and get
well ;
And, in the meantime, I've much to tell.
The fellows came up (five good and strong,

Guinn, Harry, LeRoys, Tom and Will Long).
They, thank fortune, were only a day behind
me here.

So, you see, old fellow, I'd little to fear
From my lady mother's guest, who does not in
the least advance

On acquaintance (she's a savage): and why they
sent her to France

Is one of the unsolved problems. I don't see
how ma has the face

To introduce *la belle Sauvage*; I think she's a
perfect disgrace.

Her looks are all well enough, complexion, eyes,
and hair;

In fact, I think she would be called by most men
débonnaire.

But manners, Phil, she has none. I asked her,
in casual way

(To open the conversation), how she came the
other day?

I thought, perhaps, the pink cheeks might a trifle
pinker grow,

At the seemingly innocent question: but, I would
have you know,

She lifted her large eyes at me, and said, in
a pert, brisk way, —

"*I?* oh, *you* do not know, do you? I came by
balloon from Calais!"

My lord led her out to dinner, she did not seem
honored at all;

She talked with the ease of a duchess; informed
us "of her skill at ball."

Said she "climbed trees, rode bare-back, played
·shinny·" (great heavens! what's that?),

And another heathenish game called "cradle the
cat."

The butler was highly amused; and so — strange
to say — was my lord;

And my lady looked slightly perplexed, and *I*
was horridly bored.

After dinner we walked in the garden. I plucked
a rose from a tree,

And presented it to *la Sauvage*, saying, "*Oublier
je ne puis*:"

And what do you think came her answer — "I
would not if I were you,

But a man that makes a fool of himself is nothing
uncommon or new."

And with this my gentle Savage took my proffered
rose of peace,

While from *her* sweet society *I* quickly sought
release.

The next day the boys came down; each I formally introduce,

To each, in return, a dainty *nod* vouchsafes Miss
Essie Bruce.

I think she "takes" with the boys; she's inclined
to snare

A fellow into thinking, late nights, of gray eyes
and brown hair.

So Guinn has told me, Phil, and he's known
as a hardened sinner.

Tom is growing fond of croquet, and LeRoys
forgets his dinner,

In order to drink in the music of Miss Essie
Bruce's voice.

(Miss Essie talks *too much* for me, but every
man to his choice.)

She has won my mother completely. Last night
I happened to be

Out in the swinging hammock, the ladies were
waiting for tea,

And I saw *la belle Sauvage* climb into my
mother's chair,

And lay her head on her bosom (my lady's lips
touched her hair),

And I heard her voice speak softly, saw her
sweet eyes gentle grow,

Saw her red lips part in loving words (in words
I could not know).

But the words brought tears to my lady's eyes,
and brought kisses upon the face

Of the tiny creature in her arms (*for the time
I'd have taken her place*).

Then Sir Charles calls her "his beauty," says,
"when she goes away,

She will take all the sunshine with her for many
a long, long day!"

The servants are her sworn allies; they laugh
at her heathenish prank,

And still (*I can't understand it*), if Miss Essie
held the rank,

In right, of a titled princess, they could show
no more deference true

Than she seems to call forth from them when-
ever her bidding they do.

But I'm off for a constitutional; and this even-
ing, before I retire,

For your benefit, my invalid, I'll tune my feeble
lyre.

No pun intended, old fellow (you know I'm
renowned for the truth),

So, till evening, now I leave thee, O much loved
friend of my youth!

ESSIE TO HER PAPA

MY DEAR, DEAR PAPA, — If you could only be
On this other side of the great wide sea,
That divides, with its waters of greenish blue,
Your own little Essie, your daughter, from you.
I know we'd be happy and merry and gay ;
For, dear, dear papa, 'tis a glorious day —
A morning in June — not a cloud to be seen,
The garden is fragrant, the meadows are green,
And the river runs yonder — a silvery thread —
And the choir of robins just over my head
Are singing like "fury and all possessed"
To me (and three birds in a horse-hair nest).
Ah, if *ma tante* could be allowed from her
grave to rise,
I think she'd change her will, when with opened
eyes,
She saw how *much* of change had come o'er
the orphan child ;
What heaps of *savoir-vivre* had Mademoiselle
Essie, the wild !



"My old maid Aunt."

“Speak well of the dead,” they say; I wish I
could now, *but I can’t*,
For I always did, from the very first, detest my
old maid aunt.
She called me “Esther” (through her nose), be-
fore I hardly knew
The very difference between my little glove and
shoe.
She always kept me “spick and span,” she read
me books on “infant sin,”
And once she whipped me when I yawned and
said, “O Aunty, that’s too thin.”
She punished me with Bible texts, and with the
sweet commandments ten;
And, oh, in church, if I forgot one single small
“Amen.”
A *word* in Litany or Creed, it was a sin of deep-
est dye;
And if I did not mend my way, I’d rue it by
and by.
She would not hear of fairy-tales — More and
Edgeworth, goodey-good.
Formed my stock of literature — were my only
mental food.
I’m glad our goat ate Hannah up; and I’ll con-
fess right now,

That Miss Edgeworth fell a victim to Bess —
our brindle cow.

Well, she asked me one fine evening (I had
been unusually bad),

“Esther, I’d like to know what you would do
if you had

No kind aunty to love you, and to care for
you day by day?”

I said, “I’ll tell you, Aunty, I’d just be ‘gallus’
and gay:

I’d play with Chick and the fellows, shinny and
marbles and ball —

I’d go without shoes and stockings, I’d hang up
my French doll

On the topmost limb of the highest tree, and
then I’d tell some lies,

And then (to know what it felt like) I’d set up
a shop of mud pies.”

That night she took a horrible cold, next morn-
ing she made her will;

If I’d *cheesed* it about the lies (and the pies)
she might be living still.

She left me all that she possessed — jewels,
bonds, and land.

“To *me*, and mine forever,” she said. But this
was her dying command,

“That if her niece should live sweet fourteen
to be,

She must make a journey across the great wide
sea,

And enter a school in France; there must Essie
remain

Three long and studious years, ere she journey
home again.”

And then she *gave us* old Guardy — “I do here
provide

As guardian, Mr. Jenkins, a friend both true and
tried.”

Papa, two years of the three have actually flown
away,

And there remaineth, father mine, but one little
year to stay.

I left my native land, papa, a very rough, rough
stone;

And I greatly fear, papa, Essie has not polished
grown;

Still, I jabber French like a native, and I play
six music books through,

And I know how to walk, to dance, and to talk,
and there’s the list, *Voilà tout*.

I’m afraid I have not forgotten old ways, which
you will regret to see,

When I tell you I'm writing in pencil because
I am up in a tree :

Yes, not a *little* tree either ; but for comfort I'll
hasten to say,

No one but the gardener knows it, the house-
hold are all away.

My lady has gone with the vicar's wife to visit
the village school :

Sir Charles has gone to a neighboring squire's :
and the great big, stupid mule

They call their son McPherson (in a suit I'd
blush to wear)

Is off with five boon companions pretending to
hunt for *hare*.

I think I heard them say for *that*, but it may
have been only *air* :

But whatever it is, thank goodness, he's gone,
and where, I don't know or care.

Tell Chick my romance was *squelched*, that the
wonderful *vis-à-vis*

Was no other than Mr. Mac Langley — how dared
he flirt with me ?

And then when we were presented, he asked
me which way I came down ?

I said, "By balloon, Mr. Langley." Pa, you
should have seen him frown.



"Because I am up in a tree."

But McPherson is rather good-looking — he has
dark brown eyes and hair;

But I know he likes fast horses, and I'm sure
I heard him swear,

Under his breath, at his valet, for forgetting
some trifling thing.

He's off for Switzerland next week; I'll be glad
when he takes wing;

But, before he goes, my lady is going to enhance
My misery by giving me a little informal dance
On Thursday night on the lawn; "informal!"
listen, my dear,

I want you to know the things they term in-
formal here.

The invitations are written on *crested* paper, and
say,

"It is Lady Langley's desire to make a pleasant
day

For her young friend, Miss Essie Bruce; will
the Misses *Blank* prepare

To meet Miss Bruce on Thursday next (if said
Thursday shall prove fair)?"

The guests are bidden to croquet, the guests
are asked to dine

With Miss Bruce and Lady Langley, if the
weather shall prove fine.

Then my Lady Langley knows so well, young
people do not scorn

A dance at any season, that she shall have on
the lawn

A tent raised. There'll be music, and so the
Misses Blank may

Prepare to wander through the dance and while
the evening hours away.

I think I shall wear pink silk (I had it made
on the sly —

Gave the order to Worth on a paper slip when
Guardy turned his eye).

It's *snitty*, I tell you, pa, *princess*, train three
yards long :

Perhaps 'twill be rather *grand parure*, for I'm
bound to get things wrong.

I suppose the guests will come, each clad in a
book-muslin dress,

And behind their fans the dowagers will call
my style "excess."

We will see — I'll write and tell you, oh,
heavens! what do I see?

McPherson and his friends, papa, are coming
toward this tree.

McPHERSON'S LETTER CONTINUED

THE evening is gone, and the night has been
reigning for several hours.

Everything that I know of's asleep; from the
garden the fragrance of flowers

Is stealing in upon me; 'tis a fitting time to tell
The rather strange adventure that to all of us
befell.

Roys began it, I think; at all events, *la belle*
Was the theme we dwelt on. (I shudder as I
tell),

Not for what *was said* so much as what might
have been.

Phil, 'twill be a lesson, not soon forgot by us
men.

At all events, Roys began it, said, "Take it all
in all,

One would not call Essie '*ugly*;' for his part,
he liked small

Women, like *la belle Sauvage*; then, as to her
ways, ah, well,

She was very, very slangy ! but, had she not
to dwell,

All her young life, in a country of blasted
plebeian breed ?

For his part, he thought Essie did very well
indeed."

Tom said, "The little foot that peeped out in
croquet

Was really enough in itself to charm one's
heart away."

Guinn said, "her eyes had a trick of looking
one through and through,

Till a fellow caught himself blushing, as boys
are apt to do."

But we all agreed her a *hoyden*, regretted that
lips so red

Should so often give expression to words left
better unsaid.

We agreed that our English ladies would vote
her horrid and loud :

And then we asked each other, collectively in
a crowd,

Would we be willing to offer ourselves to her
for life ?

Would any of us fellows be willing to take as wife
The object of our converse ? " 'Twould be being
cut off with a shilling,"

Said Guinn. "I could not ask her, even if I
were willing."

Tom said they would be aghast; *his* relations,
they'd raise a cry,

That made him say, at the thought, "He would
not venture to try."

Roy's looked glum: he said, "An officer of our
day,

And particularly a junior, had plenty to do with
his pay."

Well, we all said something, and probably would
have said more,

Had not something worse than loudest cannon's
roar

Reached our startled ears. A voice (not "gentle,
soft, and low,"

That excellent thing in woman the poet praises,
you know)

Sounded high above our heads, a voice borne
by the breeze,

A voice high up above us from among the
garden trees,

Saying, "'Listeners never hear any good; ' your
comments have done no harm,

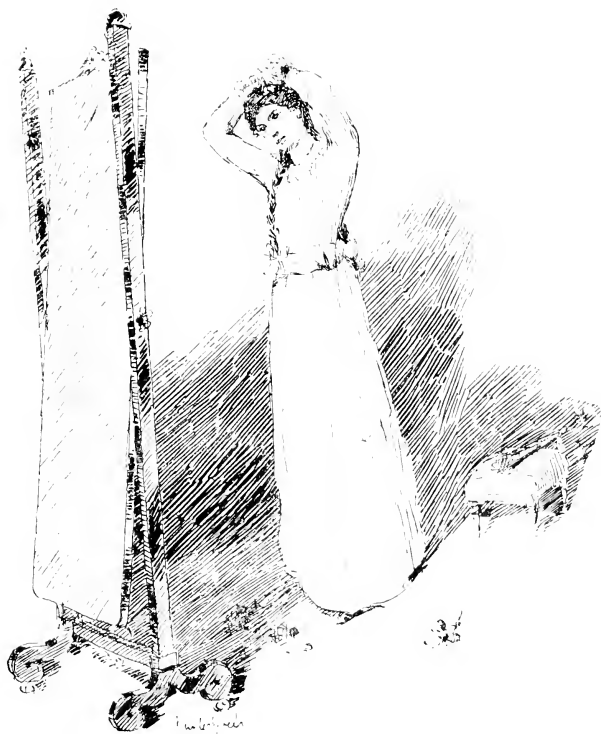
For in all your land, not a single man pos-
sesses a single charm

For ‘*la belle Sauvage*’! She *hates* John Bull,
Hates his arrogant, lordly way, and so accepts
this rather full
Dose of disapprobation. Does Sir Guinn fancy
his poky way
Of lifting his eyes,—a consummate art,—or
that polished flattery
Can win the heart of a girl American born—
of a girl who was reared to believe
That true manhood knows not how to deceive?
So, take the advice of Essie, each marry a flat-
footed girl,
Let each man fondly cherish as his, a native
pearl;
Wear her for aye on your bosoms and you will
never repine;
In conclusion, mind *your* business, and be sure
I will mind *mine*.
Now, if you’ll kindly retire, I’ll get down from
this tree;
For I’ve been up here all morning, and am
tired as I can be.”
We left, Phil, without more ado, “*la belle*”
had us all in disgrace;
And we wonder how she will treat us when
next we meet face to face.

ESSIE TO HER BROTHER

DEAR CHICKEN, — The party is over. It was
a most perfect success,
And I only wish I had the power to faithfully express
The impression it made upon me. To give you
a slight idea
Of how a social gathering is arranged and conducted here.
My lady bade me “be ready to receive the
guests at four;”
So, just at five minutes of it, I knocked at
her *boudoir* door.
You should have seen her stare, Chick! I
know she thought I looked well;
But her English reserve and training would
not let her tell.
I changed my mind on the pink silk that day,
up in *the tree*,
And resolved to *out-do* England’s daughters in
primness, if *that* could be.

At the very bottom of my trunk (hidden away
in disgrace,
From my puffed and furbelowed dresses) a
white muslin had its place,
Simple as hands could make it. This I resolved
to wear ;
I knew that this sudden change would cause
a general stare.
Well, on it went, this simple dress, with a ribbon
belt at the waist,
And at my neck and wrists I put a ruffle of
soft lace.
My hair I did "*la Marguerite*," and it hung
like two coils of gold.
Ah, Chick, I knew I looked pretty, without
even being told.
I took some half-blown rose-buds, and pinned
them into my hair
("Marshal Niels" are very becoming to one
whose complexion is fair),
And I did not put on a jewel, in ear, on finger,
or breast ;
Chick, in the code of simplicity I could have
stood the test.
My slippers were only *thirteens*, as *la belle*
Sauvage has very small feet ;



"Marshal Niel's are very becoming."

And a small foot on English soil, to an Englishman's eyes, is a treat.

Well, we went into the drawing-room, and in very short time, my dear,

The guests that had been bidden—the guests from both far and near—

Were with us. *We don't introduce*, that is not the *en règle* way.

The unknown guests of my hostess are my true friends for the day.

Every one talks to every one: but, were you to meet on the morrow,

A bow to these very same fellows would be to your cost and sorrow.

The five *Adonises* were on hand, *Sweet McPherson* at their head.

I never saw men look so foolish, or turn so lobster red,

As they do when we meet. I think that affair of the tree

Was about as jolly a thing as ever happened to me.

You feel so cheap, you know, to think I heard their talk.

Just fancy me falling a victim to a stupid English gawk!

And, above all, McPherson Langley! My dear,
a bigger bore

Of a goose, and a silly donkey, I never saw
before.

But I want to talk of the *party*—six girls,
every one of them fair,

With the pinkest cheeks and the whitest teeth
and the palest kind of brown hair.

Six fellows (five from our house), and to
make the number right,

My lady had the kindness the young curate to
invite.

We played croquet with a calmness that would
make an angel fret.

I'm sure. "How could I stand it?" I just
hated it, you bet.

I tossed the balls with a vengeance, I charged
on the enemies' field,

Until *they* grew more earnest, and seemed less
inclined to yield.

And then came the prosy dinner. McPherson
escorted me;

And I made up my mind to bore him, to be
slangy as I could be,

So I asked him by way of beginning, "if he
had any money to spare?"

“If he had, would he *bet* I could not ride his colt, young ‘Golden Hair’?”

He had a spoonful of soup raised at the time to his lips.

He tried not to look astonished, and took three tiny sips,

Then gave up and said gruffly, “Miss Bruce, you never must *dare*,

As you value your soul and body, to mount that colt, ‘Golden Hair.’”

“Don’t *dare* me,” I answered bluntly, “or I’ll ride her in spite of you;

For, if I’m told I must *not*, *that* thing I most surely will *do*.”

He said, “Very well! as *I* pleased, but the colt was his, *he forbade*;

He should give *this command to his groom!*” and we were both of us mad,

And we never spoke another word. (McPherson *glowered*, I *planned*

How my Yankee wit could get of John Bull the upper hand.)

A heap of guests arrived at night, the lawn was a fairy hall,

With its tent and colored lanterns; of course *I* opened the ball.

You know what a ball is, Chick!—music and
dance, that is all—

Flirtation and whispered twaddle is about the
whole of a ball.

And we danced—the night wore on, and 'twas
very, very late

Before the last guest's carriage-wheels left the
manor gate.

Chick, *I have not gone to bed*: Chick, *I'm in my
riding-dress*;

Do you know what I'm going to do? I bet,
my brother, you guess.

Yes, he *dared* me not to ride; *he* to say to me,
“*I command!*”

I have no right to his old horse; but, Charley,
I won't stand

His saying what I shall do! Good-by! my last
words may be said;

Who knows but vicious “Golden Hair” may
bring home Essie, dead.



"Good-by! my last words may be said."

McPHERSON TO HIS FRIEND

DEAR PHIL, — Three weeks have passed since
your letter came to hand,
And I'm sorry, dear old fellow, to have had to
let it stand
So long, without seeming reason for such a long
delay;
But when you hear my excuses, your wonder
will pass away.
I meant to write you next morning — to write
to you of all
That had occurred of interest the night before
at the ball.
But what man so often proposes a higher power
will change,
Disposing one's calculations in a way that seems
most strange.
It was late ere the party was over; yet we fel-
lows lingered still —
The smoke from our "*flor del fumas*" the de-
serted tent did fill.

We laughed and talked of the ball, and somehow when we came
To mention *la belle Sauvage*, we dwelt upon
her name
With a sort of tender accent: for, Phil, the
little sprite
Had (for some unknown reason) been charmingly gentle that night;
Been gentle to all but *me*; and, like one that
is possessed
Of a devil, appeared Miss Essie, my lady mother's
guest.
She inspired a feeling of anger: and yet I'd a
sense of fear,
That this gray-eyed imp of girlhood was drawing very near
Some dangerous experience. I led her out to
dine —
A penance, not a *pleasure*, yet, I could not well
decline.
I resolved to do the agreeable, *she* resolved the
other thing —
Result — all *my* good intentions in a moment's
time took wing.
Before the soup was over, Miss Bruce, with a
jockey air,

Bet me — mark you — *bet* me, she could ride
young “Golden Hair.”

I tried to keep down my horror, and (still more)
my supreme *disgust*,

And that my replies were courteous I most
sincerely trust.

I don't remember *what* I said, I only know it
cast

An utter and perfect silence over our whole re-
past.

Well, I thought of this all the evening, thought
of it in the tent —

Thought of Miss Essie's flashing eyes, and won-
dered if she meant

To defy my warnings; and I resolved to tell
the groom

The earliest thing in the morning, that it would
seal his doom

If ever he let a being, man or woman, young or
fair,

Or ugly or old as Methuselah, mount upon
“Golden Hair.”

(So I said not a word to the boys, who had
by degrees slipt away;

We were all in the land of slumber before the
dawn of day.)

I woke with a start, the village bell was calling
out for seven ;
I turned upon my pillow, resolving to sleep till
eleven,
When a thought of my purpose regarding young
“Golden Hair,”
Changed my plan ; I at once arose, and dressed
me then and there ;
I hurried down — the old house was wrapt in
slumber yet,
And I laughed to myself, Phil, thinking, “for
once I’ll surely get
The best of *la belle Sauvage* ; I’ll stop this one
mad prank,
Her neck shall not be broken, and she’ll have
me to thank.”
The stable door stood open, the horses were
champing their hay ;
I called out for the groom, Thomas, he came
with “Aye, sir, aye.”
I gave my command at once ; you should have
seen the surprise
That came over the face of the fellow ; you
should have seen his eyes
Grow large with utter amazement. “Why,
Master, you don’t tell me so ;

Miss Essie rid off on 'Golden Hair' more
than an hour ago.

She came and bade me side-saddle the mare, she
said 'twas a bet'

That you had made atween you; that she was
afear'd to set

On such a skittish young creetur as this 'ere
'Golden Hair.'

I said all I could to dissuade her; but, Master,
I did not dare

To say 'No' to such as Miss Essie; and, beside,
I thought it your will.

I was *afear'd*, I tell you, and am a fearing
still."

There was no time for parley. I bade him saddle
"Jane."

Asked which direction they took. "She went,
sir, by hillside lane."

I wanted no more, but galloped away, my heart
beating high with fear,

Dreading to look, dreading to think, of what
might soon appear.

I galloped on; nothing in sight, all peaceful,
calm, and fair,

No reckless Essie within view on more reckless
"Golden Hair."

On I pressed, looked right and left, a curve in
the road, a hill beyond;

At its foot, in the morning light, the waters of
mill-brook pond

Glistened in the morning sun; then on my ear
fell the din

Of the Eastern-bound train, to the town beyond
coming in.

It turned a sharp curve on its way; on it
came — God have mercy! — there,

With loosened rein, and laughing face, came
Essie upon "Golden Hair,"

Riding along at leisurely pace; the memory of
her young, sweet face,

As it looked in that moment of peril, Phil, has
in my memory forever a place.

The beautiful, mettlesome little mare seemed
pleased with the dainty burden she bore,

And turned her graceful neck to look at the
face of her rider once more.

But the sharp, shrill whistle strikes on her ear,
Her nostrils quiver, her eyes grow wild, and
her body trembles in nervous fear;

Another, another shrill resound, till far-away
echoes take up the sound —

One maddening plunge, one wild rebound,

And, like the morning wind, on rushes "Golden Hair."

I looked in speechless terror, wondering does she bear

Her rider yet, or has she flung her precious burden fair.

No; bravely holding to the reins, on Essie came.

I strained my lungs, I called the name

Of horse and rider — "Whoa! whoa, 'Golden Hair'!"

"Keep tight hold, Essie, on that cursed mare!"

She heard my voice. I thought that I could trace

A look of courage on the pinched white face;

And back upon the breeze, Phil, this reply

Was wafted to my ears, "Give in to 'Golden Hair,' *not I!*"

And, sure enough, friend Phil, the mare began to slack,

And, as she drew up beside me, Essie remarked,
"Mr. Mac,

I am *sorry* I took your dare, — a runaway is not gay, —

Mr. Langley, if you've no objection, I think I shall faint away."

I had her down from "Golden Hair" in less
time than I can speak ;
She lay in my arms like a lily, so gentle and
white and meek ;
Her brown hair all tossed and tumbled, her
bonnet gone (Heaven knows where) ;



But what woman wants a bonnet with such a
wealth of hair?
I bathed her white face from the brook, holding
her on my breast,
And I felt in this situation *particularly blessed* ;
When the lovely gray eyes opened, and called
me to earth again,
By the pretty lips remarking, " I think I'll ride
home on ' Jane ;'

I think I will, for my poor wrist aches like all
possessed ;
And *you* can manage 'Golden Hair' a *little bit*
the best."

Phil, since then she's been a lamb ; and now
that the boys are away,
I suppose I must give up Switzerland, and just
resolve to stay,
And do the agreeable to Essie, — her vacation
is almost passed, —
And try to make her stay with us pleasant to
the last.

In three weeks from now she leaves us, and
then I'm coming to town.
I shall feel quite like a hero, worthy of much
renown,
For having made myself a martyr to be kind
to this little child
(Who is not so bad, after all, Phil, only a trifle
wild).

Well, my letter ends ; I'll be with you as soon
as Miss B. goes away,
And, for the present, Sir Philip, I wish you
a very good day.

FROM ESSIE'S JOURNAL

WELL, little old Journal, my trusty friend,
Do you know my visit has come to an end?
And that I am back in the land I *adore* (?)
Monsieur "Johnny Crapaud's" dear, native
shore!

My visit is over — my fair holiday,
With the things that *were*, shall be put away
Far in the past, that ever seems
To grow bright and more fair in memory's
dreams.

When I came that day from *that* horrible ride,
I sort of and kind of *resolved* I'd decide
Never to take a *dare* again (I nearly broke my
neck that day,
And, as a general practice, neck-breaking does
not pay).

I resolved to utter fewer words in vulgar parlance called "slang;"
But, if life depended on keeping *that* vow, I'm
afraid I'd have to *hang*.

Oh! when the whistle blew that day, and
 “Golden Hair” grew wild,
Every wicked thing I’d ever done since I was
 a little child,
Came before me *in a flash*. I thought my
 “bucket would kick,”
And I wondered if I was *so bad*, that his ma-
 jesty, “Old Nick,”
Would catch me from wild “Golden Hair,”
 and take me down to dwell
With Eurydice and himself, in his brimstone
 abode in — well,
I won’t name the city — but I did not care
 to go ;
I did not like the prospect, I tell you, “not
 for Joe!”
Then there came to me this comfort — I weren’t
 so *very bad*,
And the Master, way up yonder, I remembered
 that *He* had
Known our sin and weakness, endured tempta-
 tion too ;
So I was sure He’d open the gate and let *my*
 little soul through :
And in that sweet assurance my fears all
 slipped away,

While my heart asked God "to take me," and
my lips began to say —

"Now I lay me" — softly (as I do every
night),

But while I looked to Providence, you bet *I*
held the reins tight!

Then, lo! upon me dawned — now, Journal, who
do you guess?

Why, Mr. McPherson Langley, in his knicker-
bocker dress,

On his pretty mare called "Jane," with eager,
anxious speed,

He was hastening toward me. I was glad to
see him, indeed;

Somehow he was not so ugly, viewed by that
morning light,

And I don't think that *man* ever was so fair
to woman's sight.

Not Adonis unto Venus, not Æneas to the
queen

Called "Dido," with her wild love, looked more
beautiful, I ween.

He came from death to save me, ah! life is
very sweet —

We never know its value till death's dark form
we meet;

Till we see the arrow quiver, feel that the
 bended bow
Is eager to drink our heart's blood, and lay our
 head so low ;
But I would not have him *know it* — know *I*
 was glad he'd come ;
So I rode toward him madly, with lips both
 white and dumb,
Till I heard his voice ('twas music) cry, "Hold
 tight, Essie! Whoa, 'Golden Hair'!"
(He might have cried, "Whoa, Emma!" for
 all *that mare* would care.)
But "Hold tight, Essie," gave me courage, and
 I clung like all possessed.
While my heart beat, *oh!* so loudly, against
 my frightened breast ;
But I answered, in my weakness, that *I* did
 not mean to let go!
And then ('twas a marvel) "Golden Hair"
 began to slow,
And grew slower, and still slower, in her eager
 pace,
Till Mr. Langley and Essie Bruce were actually
 face to face.
Of course, like a *fool* I fainted; I was mad,
 be sure of that ;

So weak and *namby-pamby*, just like a regular
“flat.”

And when I sort of “came to” (but before I
had strength to rise

From a very romantic position, and too weak
to open my eyes),

I could swear, *if it wasn't wicked*, that I heard
as plain as day,

McPherson say, “*precious* darling!” in the most
smoodling way.

He call “*la belle Sauvage*” “*precious*” — call
Essie Bruce “*darling*” too!

I wonder the earth did not open, and offer to
let me through.

And then, — well, Journal, — McPherson, who
looks with infinite scorn

Upon girls, and *green me* above all, *kissed me*,
as sure as you're born!

I suppose I should have been angry; I'm a little
afraid I *was not*;

An hour before I'd have slapped his face, and
looked as angry and hot

As a large, new-boiled lobster; but there I
lay, pale and calm

As a lily on a May morning, with my head
on his great big arm.

But I had to come to myself; I opened my eyes and said, —

“O Mr. Mac, you're tired; I'm sorry my poor head

Proved so weak a member; thanks for your kindly support.

I won't faint *again*, I assure you; it's not *very* pleasant sport.”

He said, “Thank Heaven it's over!” I replied, “Ah, yes, I survive;”

Then we never spoke another word for all the rest of the drive.

My lady never reproved me; and as for Sir Charles, he said,

“I was a trump;” he liked my pluck, so there was *nothing* to dread.

And then I spent three such weeks! McPherson seemed to change;

And from that morning *I liked him*; and, what is still more strange,

He gave up Switzerland's journey, and devoted himself to *me*.

What caused all this sudden changing, I can't for the life of me see.

The days of the three weeks flew on great, wide wings away,

And before I knew it, Journal, had come the
parting day.
I got up very early, intending to visit the garden below,
To say good-by to the landscape I had learned
to love and know.
Then I passed through the rustic garden gate,
to the meadow, where the dew
Lingered on the green blades and "violet eyes"
so blue;
And I wished (a very silly wish) that every
drop was a tear
Of regret, from Nature's children, that Essie
was leaving here.
I stooped to gather some blossoms to take as
mementos sweet
Of the pleasant visit ended, when the sound of
coming feet
Rustled in the grass behind me, and lo, and
behold! there stood
My stalwart friend McPherson, and he looked
"very good"
(As the Bible hath it). His strong, blond English
face
Seemed full of feeling; and I'm sure that I
could trace

A sadder tone in his full voice, as he said,

“I’m glad you’re here!”

“Yes? well, I came to say good-by to this
meadow, grown so dear

To ‘*la belle Sauvage*,’ your guest; I have spent
such happy hours



Out here among the clover and the nodding
blue-eyed flowers:

And I’m glad *you* are here; I can say good-by
to you

In this meadow very much better than at the
house I’ll do.

Mr. McPherson Langley, if I've *ever* been hateful or rude
(And I can be *both*, I know, if it happens to suit my mood),
Won't you please forgive me? You know I'm a perfect child;
And I'm motherless, Mr. Langley, and I've grown up ever so wild.
When you first called me '*la belle Sauvage*,' I *hated* you with a will;
But now I ask as a *favor*, that *you* will think of me still
As '*la petite squaw*,' '*la belle Sauvage*,' as just wild little Essie Bruce,
With whom, after many a squabble, you've raised a perpetual truce.
And I hope and trust that some day we shall meet again;
And be assured, whenever it is, you'll find that you retain
My honest and true friendship; and I hope, sir, ere long to hear
That you've found the lady of your heart, some one just as near
Your idea of perfection as this earth can bestow;



"I left a kiss on his forehead."

But it's breakfast time — by-by, for *please* — sir,
I *must go*."

He was bending over the rustic gate, his eyes
looking into mine,

Mine that were brimming over with very salty
brine

(Salty because I tasted one), and then — oh,
Journal — don't tell,

For it's *awful* to act on *impulse*, but I *did*, and
— and — well !

It was a motherly impulse, and he looked so
very sad,

That I left a *kiss* on his forehead, and then
took to my heels like "mad."

Journal, I never once looked back, I did not
see Mac again ;

For to my lady's amazement he took the noon-
day train

To London ; "important business called him at
once to town."

Business ! *his business* ! I'll bet that nothing took
him down

But to send on board the steamer *such* a basket
of fruit and flowers

That I forgot to be seasick for actually several
hours.

I'm back in the old dull routine, and I feel
myself acting *queer* ;
I go dreaming and *mooning* about in a way I'd
have scorned last year :
Dreaming of great blond whiskers (that I used
so much to despise),
Of an English voice, and, above them all, of a
pair of dark brown eyes.
And I've actually *pressed* some flowers. *Guardy*
says, "I'm growing refined."
Perhaps I'm in (Heaven forbid it) — in love, or
out of my mind.



McPHERSON TO HIS FRIEND

DEAR PHILIP, — I've no need to tell you of
Sir Hugh's death last week;
The *Times* reported the sad event, so of that I
won't stop to speak.
Well, we obedient relations, like a party of
black crows
(Made me think of some scene from Dickens,
in our sombre mourning clothes),
Followed the old man's body to its last resting-
place;
And then I, seeing no reason to stay, turned
my steps to retrace;
For I saw no need of my going back to hear
the will
Of my maternal uncle, who never seemed to
thrill
With an overflow of affection; in fact, sad as
it may be,
Sir Hugh and I had never been known on one
point to agree.

When a boy I was always treading on some of
his gouty ways,
And he did not seem to admire the course of
my manhood days.
Then there were hosts of cousins who had humored each caprice,
So why did I want to hear what he'd left each nephew and niece?
So I was rather astonished when my uncle's legal man
Begged "I'd return to the castle" with the rest of the mourning clan.
Indeed, he thought "I had *better*," so of course what else could I do?
And we gathered in the parlor, looking as cold and blue
As if from the bit of paper the lawyer held in his hand
We were to be perpetually blessed or irrevocably damned.
Ye gods! 'twas like a thunder-clap! Some legacies (very small)
Were left to others — to *me*, Phil, was given *everything* — *all*!
Titles, estates, rank, fortune, on this condition, my friend.

“*That I should marry a wife,*” Phil, “*before four weeks should end!*”

After the will had been read to my disappointed
kin

(A will right and tight as a rivet), I tell you
I felt *thin*

Over the stern proviso. Once I told my uncle
that I

Had forsworn women forever, and a bachelor
should die.

He never said pro or con, but hoarded it up in
his head,

To make me eat with a relish my words after
he was dead.

Only four weeks to choose a partner for my
life —

Only four weeks to court a girl, and get her
for a wife!

I could not keep the secret; and the girl I asked
would know

That if she did not have me, I'd have to let
all go.

And in the sweet by-and-by, when differences
should be

Occasionally discussed between my chosen one
and me,

She (after the manner of her sex) would not
hesitate to tell

Me o'er again the story that I should know so
well.

Tell me "I owed my title, my home, my wealth,
my land,

To *her* wearing my ring on her finger, to *her*
giving me her hand."

Then I thought over every woman known to
me, high or low :

And to each "Shall I ask *her*?" my soul cried
out loudly, "*No!*"

Did I say to *every* woman? There was *one*,
with soft brown hair,

And wonderful star-like eyes that kept coming
before me there :

A little childish creature, with a saucy, *malicieux*
face.

By Jove! Phil, there stood Essie! and *she* seemed
to fill the place

Better than Lady Betty, better than Florence
Byrne

Whose wealth is rumored fabulous (she's con-
sidered a diamond mine

By fortune-hunting fellows), and she would
give her hand

To one called Mr. Mac Langley, I've been
 given to understand.
 But what's her wealth to the bright eyes of
 a little girl I know?
 And what jewel does her casket hold that my
 darling can't bestow?
 What pearl so fine and priceless as the per-
 fect teeth that show
 Their whiteness in rare contrast to the red lips'
 ruby glow?
 What diamond in the wide world can sparkle
 like the wit
 Of the dashing little woman, when her lady-
 ship sees fit?
 I could string her into a chain of jewels worth
 far more
 Than ever mortal connoisseur had gazed upon
 before.
 Ah! I, who had hated all women, was suddenly
 brought to see
 That my only anguish now was, lest one
 woman cared not for me.
 I resolved to make the venture; and *if* I did
 not succeed,
 Why, I'd have to go in pell-mell and do the
 venturesome deed

Of blinding my eyes, and taking the first one
that came to hand ;

So I gave my uncle's lawyer to thoroughly un-
derstand

That I *accepted* the arrangement, and, without
any further delay,

Would haste to ask the lady to speed the wed-
ding-day.

I stopped at Leighcroft Manor to tell my
parents the news ;

To tell them of the bride I sought, and ask
them not to refuse

Their blessing if I won her. Imagine ! 'twas
not a surprise.

My lady began to hug me, with tears in her
dear old eyes,

To tell me, "she hoped *it would be*, she had
learned to love Essie so,

And she did not think *her little girl* would say
to *her big boy*, 'No !''

My lord had to wipe his glasses, said, "all *he*
had to say,

Was, when Little Sunshine came again, it would
be a happy day."

So I crossed the Channel, feeling *most* mighty
queer ;

Feeling queerer and queerer, the nearer I drew near.

First I went to the guardian; he looked like one perplexed,

As if he very much wondered what was coming next.

He said, "to tell me the truth, *he* had very little to say

On this, or any matter, Miss Bruce *would have her own way*;

And that if *he*, her guardian, pronounced himself content

With me, as Miss Bruce's lover, Dr. Bruce would give his consent."

So we went to the school together. Miss Bruce was summoned in;

I shall never forget the saucy nod, as though she cared not a *pin*

For her beloved guardian, still *far, far* less for *me*,

And had not quite decided *whom* we had come to see.

She nodded to her guardian, gave me her finger-tips,

But her pink cheeks grew pinker when I pressed them to my lips.

She snatched the white hand from me, saying,
“Mr. Mac, do you know,
Kissing *saints’* fingers, *not sinners’*, is in Paris
‘all the go’?”

(Slangy little Essie!) I bent, lest Guardy
should hear,

And whispered under my breath into her sea-
shell ear,

“Kissing a sinner’s forehead seems in *England*
now the style,

So why should not sinners’ fingers be kissed
in France once in a while?”

Then Guardy found it convenient to take him-
self away ;

And once alone, I hastened to say what I had
to say.

I don’t know how I did. When I thought I
had it to do,

I pondered over the puzzle, wondering how in
the deuce I’d get through.

But, by George ! it was not so hard to say,
“I love you, my dear !”

When the object of my affection was so very,
very near ;

Not hard to tell my story, when Essie’s lovely
eyes

Were looking kindly on me, in childish, pleased surprise.

She listened earnestly to me, a shadow on her sweet face

Of thought I had never seen before, adding new charm and grace.

Her head drooped low when I asked her "to be my own for life" —

Drooped lower still, when I called her "my precious little wife!"

Then I took her in my arms, and she raised her pretty head —

Phil, these were the very words that my betrothed said, —

"I've got *plenty of money*, so I don't marry you for that;

And as for your *new title* I care no more than a cat!

But you've *got to* marry *some one*, I very plainly see;

And I suppose, take it all in all, you'd do as well with me

As you would with Lady Flora (or lady anything),

For *this* I know, your lordship, there is not *one* could bring

In her dower the gift *I* carry; and, Mac, I'll
tell you true,

I've *tried all my might to hate you*, but *I love*
you; yes, I do!

Mac, I'll try to be better; but *you* must be
better still,

And if you are, old fellow, I think we can
climb the hill

Of life very well together; and when we are
old and gray,

We may be glad we promised to be man and
wife to-day.

I am glad my lady loves me; and Sir Charles
is a darling, dear,

And I'd hug them both, I tell you, if they were
only here."

But I was a jealous lover; I wanted the "hugs"
myself.

Phil, I think *I* shall be slangy, when I get the
pretty elf

For a positive, life-long companion. We marry
in two weeks' time,

So, come on, old fellow, and hear our wedding-
bells chime.

Essie is blithe as a bird. I've promised the
child, next fall

If the gods are propitious, we will go and make
a call
On the land of the "Star Spangled Banner." I
wish you could hear Essie tell,
The surprise she expects to create, it would
pay your hearing well.
She says they'll expect to see her, majestic,
stately, and wise :
And when they find only *Essie* has come back,
their surprise
Will exceed anything ever written, for she never
means to be
Anything but "*la belle Sauvage*" to the whole
wide world and me.
I'm happy : yes, so happy, that earth seems to
hold no cloud ;
I'm satisfied beyond measure, and very, very
proud
Of my blithe and bonny darling : and, Phil, how
in the deuce
Could I ever think "*Squaw*" or "*Sauvage*" in
the least like ESSIE BRUCE?

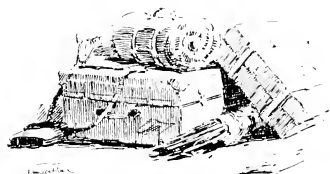
FROM THE TIMES

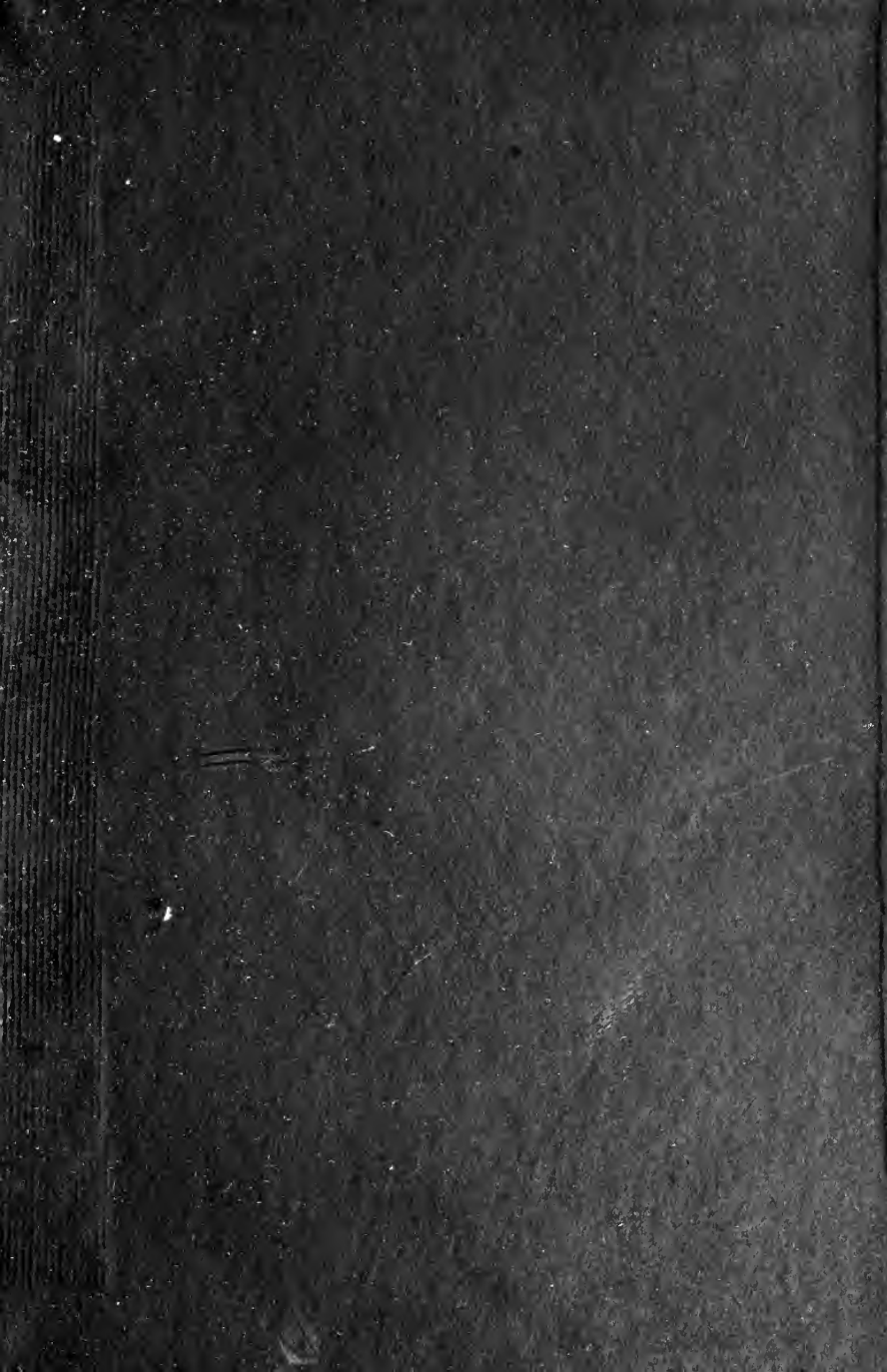
AT the Legation, on Tuesday last, were married,
McPherson Langley,
Lord Crichton of Castle Wood, Thorn Hill, and
River Way,
To Esther Carlton Bruce, only daughter of Dr.
Gates
Bruce of New York City, in the United States
Of America. The groom, Lord Crichton, stands
High as a scholarly gentleman, and ever warmest
praise commands.
The bride, Miss Bruce, is beautiful, witty, accom-
plished, refined;
Beloved by all who know her for both charms
of heart and mind.
Owing to recent bereavement in the family of
my lord,
And Miss Bruce being motherless, the wedding
occurred abroad;
And was, we understand, a strictly private af-
fair —

None but his lordship's parents and a friend or
two being there.

We wish for my lord and lady all the blessings
life can bestow;

May peace and joy be around them wherever
their footsteps go.





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